

# *The Aldine*

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HELEN AT THE FOUNTAIN. — AFTER ALBERT MAIGNAN.



## SUNRISE ON THE HILLS.

A FEW faint glimmers in the reddening east,  
A veil of mist low-lying on the meads,  
A stillness resting o'er the slumbrous earth,  
And a slight rustle in the water-weeds.

A flush of purple in the orient sky,  
The distant hill-tops more distinct appear,  
The stars fade out as the grey twilight grows  
A rosy hue, when coming day is near.

The meadow lands are hidden from the view,  
Save where some chestnut rears his lofty head,  
Or a tall hickory, or some stalwart elm  
From branch to leaf with dew is diamonded.

The drops are dripping from the dogwood trees,  
And on the grass the beads of crystal shine,  
The buds half-folded open to the light  
And the full flowers blush upon the vine.

A whisper in the dark green of the leaves,  
A murmur from the little woodland brooks,  
A twitter of the birds, who wake their mates  
Hid in warm nests in dim, secluded nooks.

A thin, blue smoke curls upward in the air  
From cabin chimneys near the sombre wood,  
And soon the cry of watchful chanticleer  
Calls out the members of his feathered brood.

Another answers, and from barnyards round  
A dozen voices greet the rising sun:  
The cattle low, the sheep bleat in the fold,  
The dawn has come, the day's work has begun.

Now all the landscape, forest, hill and plain,  
Out of the twilight shadow seems to grow,  
And ere we are aware the great, warm disk  
Kindles the whole in one resplendent glow.

Upon the lake the golden arrows glance,  
The mist creeps up the craggy mountain side,  
And here and there, where rocks of granite jut,  
Like marching columns, do the clouds divide.

So in our lives, when sorrow's night is o'er,  
The twilight comes e'en while we doubt and fear—  
The mists depart, and all the future beams  
In the glad sunlight beautiful and clear.

He, who made us, made mist and cloud and rain,  
The evening shadows and the gruesome night;  
He brings the dawn to weary hearts again,  
And when He wills it says "Let there be light."  
—Franklin W. Fish.

## A FROLIC IN THE FIELDS.

An autumn day! and an autumn day in the fields! What could be more lovely, and what phrase could call up to our minds more delightful ideas? The moment we think of it there come before us visions of the soft, dark blue sky—not the bright sky of June, but the sky of autumn—which bears the same relation to the June sky that the matron does to the young girl; the warm browns and rich scarlets of the changing foliage; the ripening fruits; the nuts just ready to drop from their burrs; the grass, more lovely even in its russet suit than when it first shows its bright green, velvety leafage above the ground. All these things of beauty are brought to mind by the mere mention of the word "autumn" in the country. For the season is not, to our thinking, the melancholy one it is most often represented as being. To be sure, it comes near the end of the year, but we can not consider its days the saddest in the calendar. In fact, there is to us no one of the four seasons which has not a character of beauty all its own.

The spring represents the young maiden. In its sky we see the bright blue of her eye; in the springing grasses and the opening buds we see reflected the signs of dawning womanhood, and we feel that all its signs give us tokens of the coming year.

Summer brings up the image of the wife, newly married, and "with all her blushing honors thick upon her." She has not yet attained the dignity of motherhood, while she has left behind the follies and romances of girlhood.

But it is autumn which represents the matron—the highest type of womanhood—with its calm blue skies, its store of fruits which have been born of the

past seasons. It is the winding up and perfection of the life of the year, of which winter is the old age.

Of all times or seasons none, surely, is better for a ramble in the fields—and none so good for a frolic—than an autumn day. Let it be, for instance, in late October or early November, the season which we call the Indian summer, and which is known in France as the "Summer of St. Martin." The trees have put on their liveries of red and brown, and are now putting off their leaves to be in readiness for the winter, when it is vegetable etiquette, except for the pine, spruce and hemlock families, to go into a strictly undress uniform. What pleasure at such a time to wander through the fields covered with a grass which, once young and tender, is now brown and crisp, rustling under the feet of the walker!

How the children, above all, revel in the scene! What merriment does not the intoxication produced by the cool, bracing air call from their little throats! With what glee do they not tumble over the carpet of grass or of leaves, pelting each other the while in the very wantonness of love, and fun and frolic.

It is just such a charming scene which Mr. Wagner has given us, and most artistically has he done it too. The tangled grass and weeds, the foliage of trees and shrubs, the gnarled and hollow old oak, the blithesome children—all are there and all true to nature in the very highest sense. The sky, too, even in the engraving has all the characteristics of the autumn sky; the lighter parts having just the tint of that season, while the gradations of the clouds are equally well managed. Mr. Wagner is an artist of repute, and was represented at the Centennial by two pictures. The one we give is a good specimen of his style.

## HELEN AT THE FOUNTAIN.

We believe it was one of the Sultans of Turkey who is to be credited with having asked, when a man fell off a ladder opposite his palace one day, and was killed, "who is she?" And then, when assured that there was no "she" in the case, said, in effect, that no man ever was hurt without a woman being at the bottom of the affair. Whether or not it was one of the predecessors of the present Sultan who said this, however, is a matter of very little consequence so long as we are assured that the remark was actually made, and so long as we know it to be true. And that it is true, in substance, if not in detail, all history, helps to convince us, unless we consent to believe that history—having usually been written by men—has systematically lied in regard to the part played in the world by the other sex. This is so monstrous a supposition that we cannot entertain it for a moment, and we are compelled to fall back upon the old idea that woman was not only the first but has been the chiefest mischief maker. To be sure we cannot deny, even if we desired so to do, that woman must be credited with having also at least "doubled our joys," but the fact still remains that she has done, or caused, an immense amount of mischief among the sons of men. There is this to be said in compliment, however, that the mischief caused by any given woman has always been in the direct ratio of her beauty and her attractiveness. We have not, unfortunately, any record of the personal appearance of Eve, but tradition assures us she was beautiful, and we are bound in this case to believe tradition; otherwise she could hardly have so easily led Adam to forfeit Eden.

Since Eve's time there have been many women who have managed to upset dynasties and ruin men, but probably none of them has caused more suffering or done more to set the world by the ears than did Helen, the beautiful wife of Menelaus, the Spartan king. Her history is, unfortunately, not clearly told in any authentic records, but as all the ancient writers, both of prose and of poetry, unite in praising her beauty and in holding her up as the model of all that is lovely in woman, we are bound to believe at least in her physical perfection. The accounts of her birth are various and conflicting, but the most trustworthy make her to have been the daughter of Jupiter and Leda, wife of Tyndareus, King of Sparta. She was so exceedingly beautiful that no less than thirty, some say

more, of the Princes of Greece came to woo her, and there was a prospect of her hand being made the object of a prolonged war, as men in those days, and especially princes, did not hesitate to fight for the possession of a woman. Among her suitors was Ulysses, who afterwards married Penelope, and shamefully neglected her as everybody knows.

Her father finally settled the question of who should have her by making all the aspirants take a solemn oath to allow her to choose for herself, all agreeing to support by force the husband of her choice, against any one who should attempt to carry her off. Under this arrangement Helen chose Menelaus and lived with him happily enough until Paris, son of Priam, King of Troy, came along and induced her to elope with him. The Grecian Princes were true to their oaths, and joined Menelaus in the famous siege of Troy, which, after lasting ten years, resulted in the destruction of that city. Her after fate is left somewhat uncertain, but it is generally believed she was taken back by her husband, and after his death, having gone to Rhodes, was there murdered by the queen of that island, who was probably jealous.

As we have said, she is always spoken of as the prototype of female beauty, and her praises are sounded in the works of all the Greek poets since Homer. In the picture which we copy, and which was exhibited at the Centennial, she is represented as just entering the bath, while the peacock—Juno's bird—is admiring her. This picture was one of two exhibited by M. Maignan at Philadelphia, and is one of the best of his works. It attracted much attention there, and we are glad to be able to lay before our readers so excellent a reproduction of it.

## ART TALKS FROM PARIS.

ONCE again is the great heart of the artistic world filled with its annual hopes and fears. Dreams of medals and notices trouble the sleep of the young artist who has spent the greater portion of the year in preparing his work for the eyes of the jury and public. No young girl, who, for the first time arrays her youth in the additional attractions of the modiste's art to present herself before the critical eye of a cold judging society, feels a keener desire to know of the impression she produces upon that almost impressionless thing called its heart, than does the young student in painting or sculpture, to hear of his reception into the Salon. For months, perhaps, he has lived apart from friendship, subsisting meagerly in order to save cent by cent the price necessary to purchase a frame; and, when his picture is dressed in its golden garment, with what content he steps back from his easel to view the enhanced beauties of his work. Now bud in his heart the dreams that have been dormant there. "Accepted," journalistic favors, and, greater than all else, "medals," honor, riches; but, in the midst of these rosy images, a black shadow arises that dispels them *sans cérémonie*; that image is called "Refused," and he holds the heart in a firm grip until the day which decides the fate of the precious picture dressed in its dearly purchased gilding arrives, then—joy, glad heart, wings! or—disappointment, dissolving views, misery! with an extended perspective of years of struggle. Often this anguish is caused unjustly, as all may see upon the examination of the Gallery of the "Refused." Often, works of merit, of greater merit even than many which occupy the coveted space upon the walls of the sacred edifice, and which carry no other recommendation for admission than the name of some "*hors concours*." But where thousands compete for favor, some must be favored; some must suffer the bitterness of "no friends." It is not the only place in the world where such scenes take place, and, seeing the vast number struggling, the only wonder is that so few errors of judgment obtain. Look upon the walls of the National Academy in New York, you will find the favorite places occupied by Academicians, with the whole result of a year's so-called labor, or rather, results without labor, not one of which would stand the shadow of a chance for reception before a jury of the Salon, and these will occupy the choicest places on the



line, while promising work by unknown hands is hung as high as the walls permit.

Not more than four or five years ago, a work by one of our leading artists—a former president of the National Academy—was brought by an enthusiastic admirer of the painter to Paris, and exhibited to judges for their approbation. After examining the picture for some time, their opinion was that the work showed some qualities which the "young man" might improve by diligence, and in course of time he might succeed. (It was a picture by A. B. Durand, who then must have been nearly eighty years of age.) This is absolutely true, and the picture was exhibited as a *chef d'œuvre*.

As to the clique of National Academicians, which has been for years a stumbling-block to the progress of art—real art—in New York, it matters little the soirées given, the private views, receptions, flowers, frills and music, so long as the public are fed by the exhibition over and over again of the frame maker's skill. In all conscience there is gilt enough in our city, and among it much tinsel. It is not enough that our citizens encourage the importation of foreign art, but they should busy themselves in the establishment of a school for the education of American youth in a solid knowledge of the nude, with anatomical lectures, and lectures upon costume in connection; with medals to be competed for, and a grand prize of Paris—for that city is far better than Rome for actual study. The Eternal City can be visited after the youth has ripened in knowledge of art. We know well of the schools attached to the National Academy of Design; they are schools worthy of our National Academicians. We have seen their best copyists from the antique, who spend a season or a year in making their copy from the rigid plaster, stammering like babies before the changeful muscles of the living model, and confessing that all their toil was only "Love's Labor Lost" in the Sleepy Hollow of art; a labor perfectly necessary to an extent, but a life earnestly spent in such studies will never produce the faintest approach to their originals. It is time for Americans to think about an American School of Art. Our country has an interesting history, filled with noble subjects for the painter, sculptor and poet. Those so-called academies wherein a boy may copy during two or three hours of two or three days each week from a few plaster casts, under the advice of a teacher who himself needs teaching, do little good, in the right way to the young artist. His designs will always be stiff and lifeless. Better far copy anything, however simple it may be, from nature; regard it under different lights, in different positions; drawing until it is well understood, and a good representation of the thing can be made from memory. Even the slight assistance offered by the academies can not be obtained unless the pupil applying furnishes a good drawing from the antique, to submit to a council not one of which can, perhaps, make a respectable drawing if put to the test. And where does this council expect the young applicant to have learned to make the required drawing from the cast? In the public schools? What is wanted is just that—the place where they may learn—not only the antique, but the nude, and commence early with that. Five days of the nude and one of the antique. Paid masters would not be necessary; good artists may be found who would willingly visit the class twice a week for an hour each time, as they do in Europe. It is not so much the master that is needed as continued work. In an *atelier* of students there are always some better than others; the exchange of ideas serves also to instruct, and example is better than precept in art. There is a serious stumbling block in the way of progress in the arts in America, that needs to be rooted out for good—we speak of the absurd idea possessed by the great majority of people, and especially by those called the better classes of society, as to the use of nude models. How would you make painters and sculptors? Have them guess at the human form! The idea that it is shameful, disgustingly immodest, and tending to jeopardize the morality of the nation, is nonsense. The *idea* is shameful and immoral, for are not the arts great civilizing and christianizing powers? Oh, spotless readers! if the national morals are

never placed in greater jeopardy from other sources than from the use of such small means to accomplish so great ends, the moral tone of our grandchildren is in perfect safety.

A few days ago we received a delicate little note, as follows:

"We should be pleased to see Mr. \* \* \* and friends on the afternoon of the 17th (Saturday), at a private view of our pictures."

"F. A. BRIDGMAN,	E. H. BLASHFIELD,
MILNE RAMSEY,	CHAS. SPRAGUE PEARCE,
HENRY LELAND,	WM. H. LIPPINCOTT,
HERMANN HYNEMAN,	CHESTER LOOMIS,
	FRANK MOSS.

"75 Boulevard de Clichy, from 1 to 5."

Upon the day indicated we found ourselves at the rendezvous. A long line of carriages garnished the doorway. Some were private, others not so much so, but all indicated a numerous assemblage; and, really, the *atelier* of Messrs. Blashfield and Ramsey was literally crowded with a seemingly interested audience, doing their best to see and admire the works destined for the Salon. One of the first objects that caught our eyes was a pair of elegantly waxed moustaches, the beaming owner of which had no small anxiety respecting their glossy points. A little beyond these "Napoleons," a head gotten up *à la Raleigh*, the hair brushed up to expose prominent bumps, and moustaches curled up to resemble the lower extremity of a capital S, disclosing a mouth educated to smile; these all belong to a young gentleman who is—he says so—giving his whole attention to the study of languages, especially ancient Egyptian. We thought at the time that he was engaged upon the study of something not so ancient, a lady's eyes, which were appealing to him for an explanation of a painting representing "a long pipe," or as the Englishman calls it "a yard of clay," a rather strong piece of painting by C. Loomis—we forgot to mention that there is a man at one end of the pipe. Just beside this group we noticed a lady who had buttonholed Mr. Blashfield with her left hand, while with her right she indicated a picture by Pearce, the "Death of the First-born," and in this right hand was a note book and pencil. From time to time she took the pencil and wrote, releasing Mr. Blashfield's buttons meanwhile, to immediately seize them when her writing was ended. It is astonishing how docile this gentleman is—with ladies. We overheard a characteristic dialogue, to be heard nowhere out of America, unless by Americans somewhere else. One young gentleman said, while looking upon Bridgman's "Rameses," "How really Egyptian in character;" the other responds, "Yes, it is exactly like the old Egyptian kings." Just as though he had had personal acquaintance with Pharaoh, and dined every day at his table, and joked with him upon the complaints of the captive Hebrews at dessert. Then there were many pretty misses, whose chief delight was to pose before the pictures in attitudes of languor or sympathy, but so natural that one admired, and called them artless. And there were many superb American mammas. We heard one say in such sweet tones to Mr. Bridgman, "Oh, Mr. Bridgman, I do so hope that you will be medalled this year." But, you know, that young artist is going to be married; we cannot say what might have been the effect otherwise for he is a susceptible young man, and the tone of voice and those looks were most winning. But let us take a glance now at the works. First we see Bridgman's "Funeral Crossing the Nile," spoken of in a previous letter, it gains by comparison with other works; and his "Evening Prayer in a Mosque," one of the largest figure pieces painted by this artist. Blashfield's "Consulting the Oracle," an important picture of Roman life in the days of the Cæsars. Pearce's "Death of the First-born," as its title implies, is an episode taken from the Bible, and is quite a poetic rendering of one of the curses on the Egyptians. A "Monk and Soubrette," by Ramsey, who by-the-by, seems to have struck a vein, for he has several of the same kind of subjects, and all well painted. He succeeds admirably in painting still life. A "Portrait" by Lippincott is well painted, fresh in color and well modeled. Leland has a "Rest" of a pretty little Italian girl by the road side. The reception was quite successful, and though

the visitors were not all amateurs and critics, they praised sufficiently to satisfy the most avaricious, and each emptied his or her cornucopia of good wishes upon the heads of the young artists who have inaugurated a series of receptions which will be a pleasing feature in the occupation, or rather, to the non-occupied American residents of Paris. Among the young artists here there are several young girls—of course we mean American—but of the number there is only one to mention, Miss Clementina Tompkins, who paints stronger than any of the young men. Her work—manipulation—would do credit to much older head and hands, and they of talent. At present she is trying to build up her health, which incessant labor has undermined—so says the doctor; and Miss Tompkins finds Nice a nice place, and charming climate, and we believe she will return to Paris during the summer, with her enthusiastic love for art burning in full force, unless she decides to establish her studio at Nice.

The present Salon bids fair to be one of remarkable interest, from the number of celebrated painters who send for the first time in several years. Among the pictures sent we may mention—reserving full description until the opening—Bonnat sends a "Portrait of M. Thiers;" Chaplin, "Portrait of the Duke d'Audiffret-Pasquier;" Lefèvre, "Nymphs Surprised by Acteon;" Firmin-Girard, "The Exhibitor of Tame Bears;" Vibert, "An Apothecary;" Morot, "Medea;" Bouguereau, "La Vierge Consolatrice;" Berne-Bellecour, "Combat in the Trenches;" De Neuville, "The Prisoners;" Giacomotti, "Une Transtévérine;" Dubufe, "The Portrait of Harpignies," the painter; Harpignies, "Oaks;" Henner, "Bathers;" J. P. Laurens, "The Austrians Saluting the Convoy of General Marceau;" Bastian Lepage, "Christ in the Tomb;" Lehoux, "The Martyrdom of St. Etienne;" Cot, "Lady's Portrait;" Jacquot, "Portrait of a Lady;" De Nittis, "Paris and its Quays from the Royal Bridge;" Detaille, "A General and his Staff Saluting Prussian Prisoners" (this picture was exhibited in America); Guillemet, "A Marsh at Low Tide;" Fichel, "The Tavern of Ramponneau;" Manet, "Portrait of M. Faure, as Hamlet;" Boulanger, "St. Sebastian Before the Emperor Maximilian;" Cabanel, "Lucrèce et Sextus Tarquin," his composition does not represent the death of the Roman heroine, such as is ordinarily painted. Cabanel has chosen the moment when Tarquin, having quitted the camp, comes to declare his passion to Lucretia. The figure of the heroine is drawn in the calm, classic feeling of an antique statue. Then the sculptor, Auguste Bärre, sends a picture, or rather, "Portrait of Baron Boigne"—the sculptors, at least many of the best, are also painters; there are many good pictures from the pencils of Clésinger, Falguière, D'Etex, Dubois; and Courbet, the landscapist, has done some capital plasters. Mlle. Abbema sends a canvas that will be much looked at, "A Breakfast in a Greenhouse;" Meissonier, "Alex. Dumas," the younger; Baudry sends several portraits, among them an important portrait of General Palikeo; Paul Dubois, the sculptor, portrait of the "Duchess of Broglie;" Jules Goupil, "The Affianced;" Dubufe, "Venus Finding the Body of Adonis;" Busson, "Borders of the Marne;" Munkacsy, "Scene in a Brewery;" Jourdain, "View of Venice," and a "View of Bougival;" Jules Breton, "A Gleaner," a companion picture to his "Spinner," of last year. The sculptor, Mercié, has a bass-relief of colossal proportions, "The Genius of the Fine Arts," destined to replace in the Louvre the equestrian statue of Napoleon III. Chopin, the bust of Berryer; Falguier, the bust of Corneille; Denécheau, a "Phœbe;" François Roger, a young sculptor, "The Sleep of Omphale;" a figure of a woman extremely studied; and the "Defence of Rambervillers." These are a few by the artists generally known, and we shall have pleasure in describing to our readers the beauties of the several works.

While speaking of pictures, we may mention a sale, that took place in the Hotel Druot, of pictures belonging to the collection of the late Baron of H—. Among the works we noticed a fine Millet, "The Potato Gatherer," which was sold for 31,300 francs



(\$6,260); a Troyon, "A Shepherd Dog," for 23,000 francs (\$4,600); a small Meissonier, 15,000 francs (\$3,000); and a Saint Jean, 12,000 francs (2,400). There were but thirty works all told—some from the brush of Diaz; Jules Dupré; Rousseau, and Isaby—all lovely, but those mentioned were the important ones.

. Another sale at the Hotel Druot occurred on the 7th

As we intimated in our last letter, the *début* of Mlle. Fechter took place; she was enthusiastically received in the *rôle* of Mignon, at the Opéra Comique, on the 14th of March; and, to use the words of a leading journal: "The *début* could not be other than sympathetic; a quarter of a century has hardly elapsed since the grand success of 'Claudie,' of Madame Sand, and that of the 'Dame aux Camélias' of Alex-

to the songstress, I must own the inexperience of the *débutante*. The voice is so small with Mlle. Fechter, that it would be better to leave her the time to form it; the young artist exaggerated at times her efforts to bring out a soul from that voice which yet lacks a body. She may believe that she has triumphed over impossibilities, because, at each attempt of this kind, whether she has succeeded or not, her attempt was



BLOWING BUBBLES.—AFTER GASPARD NETSCHER.

of March; it also was a collection rich in names, and filled with souvenirs of the old masters. All the schools were brilliantly represented, from Fra Angelico, Andrea del Sarto, Borocci, Cranach, Steen, Rembrandt, Ferriers, Ruysdael, Boucher, Lautard, Fragonard, and Largillière; there was a remarkable portrait by Wattier, of the Marquise of Pompadour; also a copy, by Géricault, of a Tintoretto; and four small sketches by Eugène Delacroix. The collection was that of the late Doctor Isambert.

ander Dumas, the younger. The generation of spectators who assisted at those *fêtes* of the theatre have not yet lost their hair nor their memories. It was for them like a duty—which had the gentle effect of making them once again young—after having so much applauded the father, to come to encourage the daughter. Good blood cannot lie; and, at the theatre, the *débutante* had two faiths upon which to hold. She proved it in playing with much intelligence this *rôle* of Mignon. If from the actress I pass

covered with the same explosion of frantic bravos. There is nothing more consoling, no doubt, to a talent just forming, than these lying but touching comedies of enthusiasm; but there is nothing more fatal to the youth, ardent for the life and glory of an artist, than these apotheoses, which often nip in the bud the most promising talents. They have the double wrong of being untrue and ridiculous—though having, no doubt, their source in a sentiment sincere. But there is a medium which I will indicate to Mlle. Fechter—



not to guard all and yet not to lose any part of the monstrous success which she met with. Let her divide it into two parts—the two will be equally dear to her—the smallest, for herself; the greatest, as a souvenir sent, across years and across countries, to the impassioned comedian of “Hortense de Cerny,” of “Claudie,” of the “Dame aux Camélias,” and of the “Contes de Boccacé.”

jeweller had fixed the price of a golden crown similar to that of Mlle. Mars. The object of art was ready; and, at the moment when it was to be carried to the house of the dancer, the subscribers were seized with doubts. They thought they had gone too far, and determined to consult the pope, Pius IX. They were admitted to an audience: “Holy Father,” said the chief of the deputation, “we intended to offer a crown

offering, of the gift? That is, also, without doubt, what the distributor of all justice said to himself. The proof is found in his response: “I cannot here give my approbation nor consent,” said he; “but neither can I oppose myself to your project. Notwithstanding, you will permit me to observe to you, that your choice of the present might have been happier. I have always thought and believed, in my simplicity



SUMMER DAYS.—AFTER R. F. SMITH.

A charming anecdote, in which figure three celebrated personages—Pius IX., Mlle. Mars (celebrated actress), and Fanny Elssler (the dancer). During the *séjour* of Mlle. Mars at Rome, she heard speak of the pyramidal success of Fanny Elssler at the Theatre Argentine. The admirers of the ravishing dancer, desiring to offer her a token worthy of her, and at the same time of themselves, opened a subscription, which, in less than forty-eight hours, attained the sum of 12,000 francs, the figure at which a noted

of 12,000 francs to a wise and pious dancer, one endowed with immense talent. But we will not do so unless you deign to accord us your consent.” Twelve thousand francs! What good might be done for the poor with that sum! That is certainly what the great apostle of alms-giving said to himself. Upon the other hand, why show himself hostile to an intention which offended neither morality nor the doctrines of the Church?—Finally, by what solid motive could he deprive a person, meriting honor and a legitimate

of priest, that crowns were made for heads and not for legs.” Fanny Elssler received the precious gift that was destined for her; but she did not forget the poor of the tolerant and spiritual Holy Father.

Mlle. Albani had her benefit at the Italian Opera; the work performed was “I Puritani.” This opera was written in France, and for France, and obtained a prodigious success. The quartette became celebrated, and a talisman that drew immense audiences to no matter what opera in which the “quartette of the



Puritans" sang—the quartette was composed of Rubini, Tamburini, Lablache and Grisi. You all know the noisy duett "Suona la tromba in trepida," between George and Richard; it is accompanied by a noisy flourishing of cornets-a-piston; at the epoch when this sort of music was written to please the audiences of the time—and they demanded such music—Rossini, in writing from Boulogne to Bellini, said, "As to the duo sung by Tamburini and Lablache, I heard it here."

Flowers assumed all forms, simulated all attributes, to fall at the feet of Albani, after the scene and air of Folly of the second act; vases, baskets, lyres, diadems, soon assumed the appearance of a wall behind Elvira, who became foolish with joy at this moment, if she had not already lost her reason! but the leaves fall from the crowns, the perfume evaporates from the flowers. To the flowers and crowns was joined a most solid bouquet of stars fixed upon a velvet background. This souvenir, addressed to the cantatrice, and whose monogram was indicated by three capital letters, was accompanied by the following flattering lines: "Three lady subscribers—homage of admiration and of esteem." Her singing, or rather her method, recalls to old *habitués* and amateurs a school now disappeared—that of the Italian singers of other days, who knew how to put into a single phrase what the cantatrices of to-day, of the modern school, forget to put into an entire rôle.

Before quitting Paris, Johann Strauss gathered a few friends among them Nilsson and played to them the entire manuscript of the new opera-bouffe that is to be represented at the Renaissance in next October. The principal *morceaux* he has borrowed from the "Chauves-Souris" and "Cagliostro." But Strauss has composed eight new *morceaux* for his new piece. He has never written anything approaching this new creation, which is perfectly "adorable" according to the journals. The title is "La Tzigane;" and the author of "Blue Danube," "Wine, Love and Song," and "Artist Life" is to prepare himself to be smothered in feminine caresses.

If American directors desire to produce the new drama of Victorien Sardou, "Dora," they must ad-

dress themselves to Mr. Theodore Michaëlis, to whom the piece is ceded for America, England and the colonies.

—Outremer.

#### BLOWING BUBBLES.

It is what we are all doing, not only in childhood but all through our lives—blowing bubbles. In

They go sailing along with such a grace and so much beauty, we wish—and believe—it may prove everlasting. Time undeceives us, however, and our bubble bursts, to be succeeded by a more substantial structure.

Then, ambition comes in, and blows our bubble of reputation, which we may seek "e'en in the cannon's mouth," or on some judicial bench, where we may sit in dignity, and "full of wise saws and modern instances." Even old age—the "lean and slippered pantaloons," has his bubble blown for him; this time it is hope, or some other comforting being who blows it. It brings before him visions of his youth, the time when he honored his father and his mother, not "that his days might be long in the land," but because he had for them that filial affection which is above and beyond—where it exists in full force—all considerations of wealth, time, place or standing. He is led to see, then, in the prismatic colors on the surface of his bubble visions of his children supporting his tottering footsteps on their way to the grave, toward which his legs, long since deprived of all real power, are tending.

All these things are virtually thought of by the painter of the picture we reproduce in this number of THE ALDINE. He has considered not only the joys of the babe, but also, we may assume those of old age as well. In the picture we have two youngsters engaged in blowing soap bubbles, or rather, we should say, one blowing them and the other wafting them upward toward the ceiling by means of his plumed hat, which would so well become his long-curved hair, parted in the middle, and allowed to cling round the face in a style



THE COURT-HOUSE, BRESLAU.—E. HEINE.

childhood we blow them in the good old way, with a pipe and a basin of soap and water, and we watch with mingled delight and wonder the transparent, filmy balloons, reflecting from their shells all the colors of the rainbow, as they sail up or down, and off, to finally burst, and disappear in thin air. In later life we construct them of what often turns out to be even more filmy and less substantial material, though the bright hues of the prism still linger around them. In youth, for instance, love blows our bubbles for us, and very bright indeed and very airy he makes them.

which would mark him as the son of a "Cavalier" family in the seventeenth century, when Charles I. was king of England, and "Noll" Cromwell and the rest of the roundheads chose to behead him.

It was not a little queer that a struggle which resulted in the beheading of a king and of most of his long-haired followers—the success of the Puritans under Oliver Cromwell, and the re-accession of the Stuarts, only to be displaced by the Prince of Orange, and finally by the Guelphs, should have still left us the idea of considering long hair as being a sign of







Puritans' song—the quartette was composed of Rubini, Tamburini, Lablache and Grisi. You all know the *aria* by "Suona la tromba in trepida," between George and Richard; it is accompanied by a noise resembling of cornets-a-piston; at the epoch when this sort of music was written to please the audience of the time—and they demanded such music—Rossini, in writing from Boulogne to Bellini, said, "As to the duo sung by Tamburini and Lablache, I heard it here."

Flowers assumed all forms, simulated all attributes, to fall at the feet of Albani, after the scene and air of Folly of the second act; vases, baskets, lyres, diadems, soon assumed the appearance of a wall behind Elvira, who became foolish with joy at this moment, if she had not already lost her reason! but the leaves fall from the crowns, the perfume evaporates from the flowers. To the flowers and crowns was joined a most solid bouquet of stars fixed upon a velvet background. This souvenir, addressed to the cantatrice, and whose monogram was indicated by three capital letters, was accompanied by the following flattering lines: "Three lady subscribers—homage of admiration and of esteem." Her singing, or rather her method, recalls to old *habitués* and amateurs a school now disappeared—that of the Italian singers of other days, who knew how to put into a single phrase what the cantatrices of to-day, of the modern school, forget to put into an entire *rolé*.

Before quitting Paris, Johann Strauss gathered a few friends among them Nilsson and played to them the entire manuscript of the new opera-bouffe that is to be represented at the Renaissance in next October. The principal *morceaux* he has borrowed from the "Chauves-Souris" and "Cagliostro." But Strauss has composed eight new *morceaux* for his new piece. He has never written anything approaching this new creation, which is perfectly "adorable" according to the journals. The title is "La Tzigane;" and the author of "Blue Danube," "Wine, Love and Song," and "Austrian Life" is to prepare himself to be smothered in feminine caresses.

If American directors desire to produce the new drama of Victorien Sardou, "Dora," they must ad-

dress themselves to Mr. Theodore Michaëlis, to whom the piece is ceded for America, England and the colonies.

—Oulremer.

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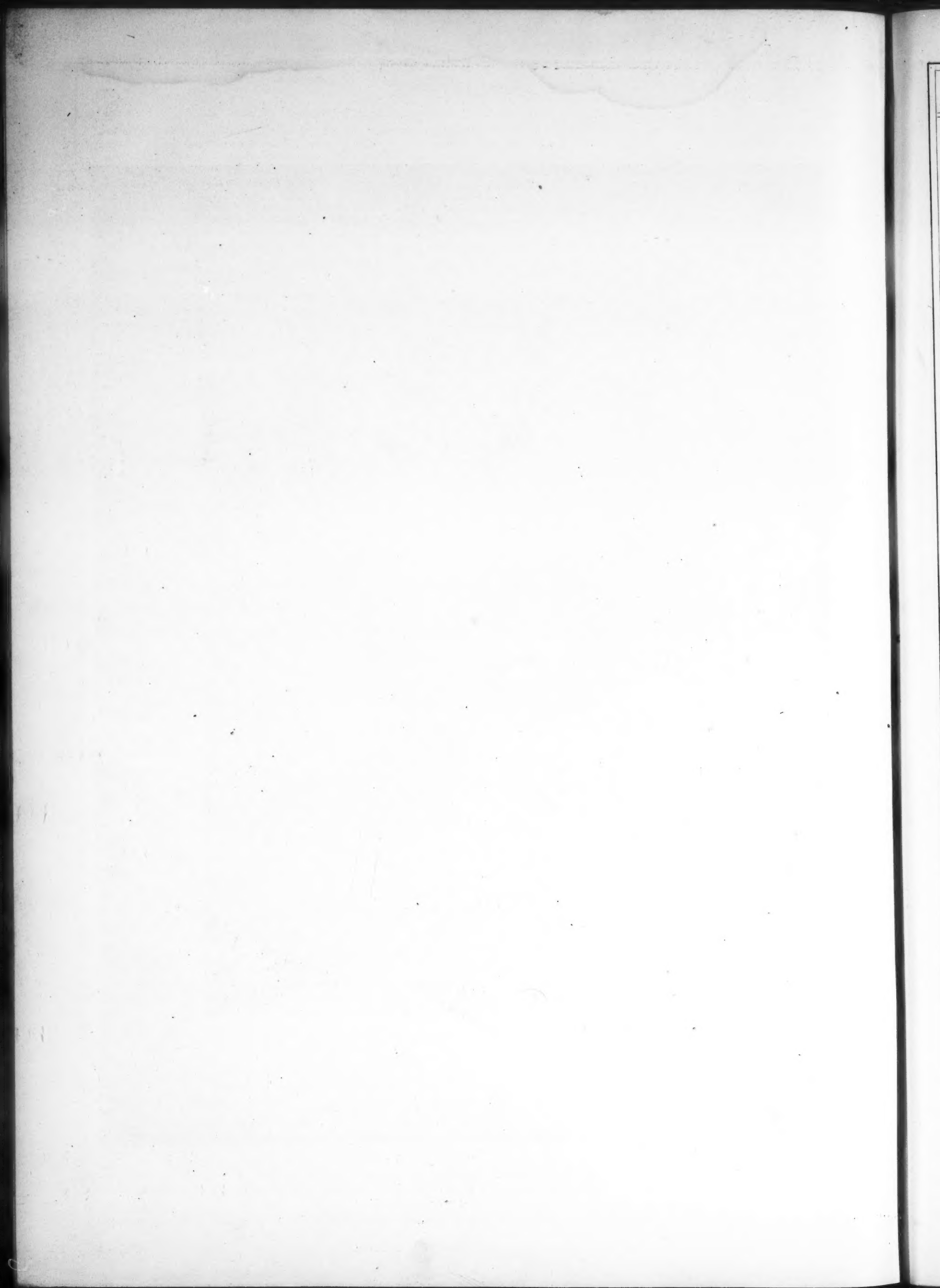
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PREPARING SPRING FLOWERS FOR MARKET.—H. P. ROBINSON.







royal or at least, aristocratic, blood. And yet such is, or was, the fact, as is shown by the popularity of the picture which we engrave, although the original long antedates the advent of William of Orange in England.

Gaspard Netscher, who painted the picture from which our engraving is made, was born in Holland, in 1639, and died in 1684. He was (and is) celebrated for the pictorial effect of his works, and also in a feeling for physical beauty, in which he was the superior of his contemporary, Metsu. Netscher is represented in the British National Gallery by two works, viz.: "Maternal Instruction" and "A Lady Spinning," besides the one we illustrate, the original of which hangs beside the others.

#### SUMMER DAYS.

SUMMER days never come to the people of a city. Arid streets and stifling, noisome tenements are their unhappy lot. The leaves of the few trees are a dusty brown, and the few breathing places are overcrowded by the gasping population, which thinks even a burned and withered plot of grass and scanty foliage, transparent to every ray of the scorching sun, a summer scene. A few green leaves, a few blades of grass, a fountain with a sickly jet, that is all. No sweet, soft rustlings overhead, no whisperings through the well-clad boughs, no warbling of the joyous birds, no mossy banks and pebbly brooks and crystal streams. We remember those spots so well known to the truant days of our boyhood, where we have lingered many an afternoon, with rod in hand, watching the rapid motions of the silvery tenants of the stream. The shade of an old oak or walnut shields us from the noontide heat, while we watch the scenery through the purring air. The genial warmth makes the atmosphere tremulous with life, so that it seems filled with the hum of myriads of sun-born ephemera:

"Wak'd by his warmer ray the reptile young  
Come winged abroad; by the light air up-borne,  
Lighter, and full of soul. From every chink  
And secret corner, where they slept away  
The wintry storms; or rising from their tombs  
To higher life; by myriads forth at once,  
Swarming they pour; of all the varied hues  
Their beauty-beaming parent can disclose.  
Ten thousand forms! ten thousand different tribes!  
People the blaze."

Our illustration in this number speaks an idyl of "summer days." The peaceful scene inclines to rest. The river, like molten glass, lazily and almost imperceptibly moves on toward the wonderful ocean, and so move the hearts of the figures in the foreground to their inevitable destiny. Their path of love is covered with roses in these glorious days. All nature is their friend; the soft shade, the lambent air, the overarch-

May every revery of "summer days" be covered with a cloak as pure as that with which winter clothes the grasses, leaves and trees. —H. De Wolfe.

#### PICTURESQUE EUROPE—BRESLAU.

It was Ferdinand I., we believe, who said that the man who had not seen Breslau "had never seen

a pretty city," and there was no little truth in the remark, although it might be considered as belonging to something the same order of somewhat exaggerated epigrams as the famous "See Naples and then die." Notwithstanding the exaggeration, however, it must be confessed that Breslau is a most beautiful city. It is the capital of Silesia, one of the provinces of Prussia, and is situated at the confluence of the Ohlau and the Oder. Its population is about 130,000, and stands next to Berlin, in point of population, of all the cities of Prussia. The river Oder divides Breslau into two parts, which are connected by most magnificent bridges. Like many another German city it has been through its vicissitudes, having been besieged many times and suffered very much from various calamities.

The city is of Slavonic origin, having been first settled by the Poles, and was alternately occupied by them and the Bohemians for many centuries until it was taken by the Austrians. In 1741 it was captured by Frederick II., of Prussia, and remained in his possession for six years, when it was recaptured by the Austrians; from whom, however, Frederick recovered it in about a month. It was very often besieged after that time until 1814, when its forti-



RUINED CASTLE OF KLAMM.—E. HEINE.

ing boughs, the rustling leaves and the warbling of the birds together harmonize with their thoughts.

This may be, however, but a summer flirtation, and end and diminish as the sun sinks earlier. Let the "summer days," so happily spent, at least brighten the winter which must surely come, and retain hearts softened by beautiful scenes true to nature. The idyl passes away, and the green trees and waving grass become russet, and then brown, and then covered with a mantle of white. Life's cares and responsibilities again demand attention to commonplace affairs.

fications—which were very elaborate and complete—were entirely demolished. These fortifications have been converted into beautiful promenades, and the ditch has been transferred into an ornamental sheet of water. The cathedral is a splendid structure, one of the most magnificent of the kind in Europe, which was erected at an early date, and has withstood all the sieges and assaults which have been brought against the town since then. The most remarkable ecclesiastical structure in the city, however, is the Protestant church of St. Elizabeth, which has a steeple three hun-



dred and sixty-four feet in height, being the highest in Prussia. It has, also, many other churches, almost enough to allow of its disputing with Brooklyn the title of the "City of Churches." Besides these there are many educational institutions, of which the chief is the University, founded by Leopold I., in 1702, and now accommodating some seven hundred students, and having a library of nearly or quite three hundred thousand volumes.

In what is known as the "Old Town" are still to be seen some of the old wooden structures erected by the original Polish settlers of the town, and which were spared, by some sort of miracle, from the conflagration which, in 1241, swept away the principal portion of the city. At first this great fire was considered to

ent times, the residences of the kings of Bohemia and the emperors of Germany. In a little park, on which was formerly the fish market, but which is now bordered by green, shady trees, stands an equestrian statue of William III.

The position of Breslau, in the centre of an important manufacturing district, gives it a large trade, which is much increased by its railway connection with all the important cities of the empire, in addition to the facilities of communication afforded by the river Oder.

#### RUINED CASTLE OF KLAMM.

In previous articles on the more picturesque portions of Europe we have had occasion to refer more

In the same church is also the "Silver-Lady Chapel," so called after a silver statue of the Virgin, in which chapel are the mausoleums of the Archduke Ferdinand, and of his wife Phillippine—two most beautiful works of art, which are attributed to the sculptor Colin, whose tomb, said to be the work of his own hands, is to be seen in the cemetery of the town. In this same church is also the tomb of the Tyrolese hero, Andreas Hofer; and it was here that Christina of Sweden made her public renunciation of Lutheranism. On the finest street of the town, the Neustadterstrasse, are the buildings where the Tyrolese estates hold their sittings, the Post Office, and the triumphal arch erected by Maria Theresa. There are, also, besides the structures already named, no less than eleven



FRIENDLY OFFICES.—AFTER SCHMITZBERGER.

be the work of the Arch-enemy, but was subsequently ascertained to have been caused by a human and more vulgar incendiary—some one or more of its inhabitants. The burned portion of the town was rebuilt with solid and massive but somewhat sombre structures, which present a marked contrast to the elegant structures of the "New Town," of the beauties of which we have already spoken.

Through the centre of the city runs a thoroughfare, called the Ring Strasse, on which are to be found the market-place, the Rathhaus (court-house), of which we give an engraving, and a number of magnificent business buildings. There is also the place for parades, in which are to be seen stalls and country wagons loaded with wares amounting to over a million of dollars in value, and in which, during the uprising of 1418, twenty-three rioters were beheaded. The houses in the west front of this square were, at differ-

than once to the region known as the Austrian Tyrol, and especially to the *Innthal* (Valley of the Inn), one of the most lovely portions of this altogether charming region. The capital of the region is Innsbruck—or Innsbruck, from Innsbrücke (Bridge over the Inn)—and is a town of about 15,000 inhabitants, built on both sides of the river Inn, near its junction with the Sill. It is nearly two hundred and fifty miles from Vienna, and is picturesquely situated, being surrounded by mountains varying from six thousand to eight thousand feet in height. It is a well-built town, especially on the right bank of the river, and contains some buildings of historical note, particularly the Franciscan Church, which contains the monument of Maximilian I., one of the most splendid in Europe, consisting of twenty-eight bronze statues of eminent persons. The emperor was not buried here, however, but at Neustadt, near Vienna.

churches in the town; the palace erected for Maria Theresa, in the courtyard of which is an equestrian statue of Leopold V.; a large building in the city square, with a golden roof, which was once the residence of the counts of Tyrol, but is now a private dwelling; an university and several other public buildings of lesser note. The town was most prosperous during the seventeenth century, when Ferdinand II. held his brilliant court there; since which time it has suffered much from wars, and has little of royal patronage though the Emperor Ferdinand resided there for some months after the second revolution of 1848.

The river Inn, on whose banks Innsbruck and Kaufstein are the principal towns, is the largest river of the Tyrol, and was known to the Romans as the *Cenus*, the town of Innsbruck being called *Cenipontum*, of which the present German name is simply a translation. It is one of the chief tributaries of the



Danube, arising from the small Lake of Longhino, at the foot of Mont Longhino, one of the eastern declivities of the Septimer Alps, in the Swiss Canton of Grisons, and on the south-eastern slope of the Engadine, about six thousand feet above the sea. It crosses the Grisons frontier, and enters the Tyrol by a narrow valley through whose upper and lower districts, particularly the Upper and Lower Inn Valleys, it runs with tremendous force. It crosses the Bavarian border at Eichelwang, and after a course of about a hundred miles in the Tyrol, it runs north, and then east, for about ninety miles, through Brannau, in Austria, from which point it forms the boundary line between Austria and Bavaria, until, after a course of nearly three hundred miles, it joins the Danube near

## FRIENDLY OFFICES.

FRIENDSHIP is a good and a lovely thing under any and all circumstances, and has been much commended by poets and wise men of all days and generations. It is by no means confined to the human family, but is constantly showing itself among what we call the lower animals; thus helping us to fully realize Mr. Darwin's notion of our quadrupedal—or quadrumanal—ancestry. The chief difference seems to be that the lower animals are really more grateful for services rendered than are members of the human race. This is a truth which scarcely needs illustration, as the evidences of it are met with daily both in newspaper stories and—though not to the same extent—

the monkey is doing for our other and older ancestor, the dog, is precisely the same—except a difference in the insects sought for—that the lazzaroni, in almost any Italian town, may be seen to be performing toward one another, and which is a performance given with variations in more than one of the wild tribes, in different parts of the world, of—

—“The Anthropophagi, and men  
Who wear their heads beneath their shoulders,”

and other similar primitive men.

In the picture before us it is a matter of grave question whether the dog or the monkey is having the more enjoyment. If the one is getting all the pleasures of the chase, the other is certainly getting rid of



PASSING SHOWERS.—AFTER E. A. WATERLOW.

Passau. The Valley of the Inn is one of the most picturesque in Europe—the scenery along its banks, as viewed from the decks of the steamers which ply on its waters, being of the most romantic description. Old castles, ruins of former days, relics of the race of hard-fighting knights, who have all passed away—the “robber knights,” of whom we have read—are to be seen on both banks, and call up before the tourist many a half-forgotten legend, when every man's home, if he were of knightly degree, must be a castle if he cared to keep it, and capable of stout defence to attacks from the outside. Thanks to the progress of better ideas, and more correct notions of the laws of civil polity, as well as to the severe fighting which has gone on under their walls, these castles are very generally mere ruins; scarcely habitable but very picturesque, like the Castle of Klamm, of which we publish a view in the present number of THE ALDINE.

in our experience among animals. We all remember, for instance, the traditional horse who makes friends with the cat, and the two occupy the same stall ever after; we also can call to mind the dog who lay down with the horse; we have all known Barnum's “Happy Family,” composed of all kinds of incongruous animals whose names we can not now remember; we know the cat who nursed the chicken; the dog who took the lamb under his especial protection; and such a number of other illustrations of the same friendliness—including the prairie dog who lives in amity with the owl and the rattlesnake—as would weary both ourselves and our readers to repeat.

There could be no more characteristic exhibition of friendship than the one which Mr. Schmitzberger has put on canvas, and which we reproduce in an excellent engraving. It tells its own story plainly enough. The office of friendship which our ancestor

a very troublesome pest (concerning which Hudibras tells us, as a sort of consolation, that it is bitten by lesser ones), and so ought to be thoroughly satisfied—as he looks to be.

Mr. Schmitzberger, who painted the picture which we copy, is a well-known painter of *genre* pieces, and resides in Munich. He has not been extensively represented in this country, but many of our readers will remember his “Difference of Opinion,” exhibited at the Centennial Loan Exhibition, in 1876.

## PASSING SHOWERS.

This charming picture is not, strictly speaking, a portrait landscape, although it is painted from a scene in the forest of Glentanner, an estate in Aloyne, Aberdeenshire, Scotland, owned by Mr. W. Cunliffe Brooks, M. P. The artist has, however, instead of



making a mere copy of the scenery of the glen, worked its main features into a composition of very great merit. The time chosen is when a summer shower has come up among the distant hills, and is slowly making its way down the valley toward the lowlands in the foreground. The herd of deer, led by the two noble bucks, alarmed at the prospect of a sudden rising of the stream, have gathered on a point of land which is left bare at low water, preparatory to crossing through the now shallow water to safer quarters on the other side. The introduction of these animals gives a certain life and animation to the picture, and thus relieves it from the air of tameness which otherwise even the most elaborate landscape might wear.

The management of light and shade in the picture, the representation of the dark clouds and rain in the distance, and the water tumbling over the rocks in the foreground, are equally as worthy of admiration as the composition and general tone of the picture. The artist, Mr. Waterlow, is a young man, but has already made his mark as a painter of landscapes, and it is not risking much to predict for him a brilliant career for the future.

#### THE STORY OF CLAUDE GELÉE.

Among all the celebrated artists in Lorraine, no one could compare with Pierre Veroni. Tradition has not brought down to us actual sketches of his Grecian temples, his Chinese pagodas, his peerless Madonnas, his angels with new-fledged wings; but what need we of tradition, when the spirit, the Promethean fire, has been transmitted from age to age? How many useful inventions have been lost, while his still flourish! It is much to be regretted that no specimens of his sculpture have been preserved. The imitations of the present day are no doubt far inferior to the original; but, alas! like all human inventions, they have crumbled into dust. Certain it is, that, in the sixteenth century, not an entertainment could be given in Lorraine without the aid of Pierre; his pyramids were the ornaments of rich and costly tables, and rose high in the centre, amidst Etruscan golden vases, and urns studded with precious stones, and sparkling with wine, that might have rivalled that which was enriched with the pearl of Cleopatra. The simple and beautiful ornaments of Pierre were always the principal objects of attention. We speak not of their intrinsic value, because history on this subject is silent, and we wish scrupulously to observe the historical rules. It is evident, however, that they possessed a value beyond mere appearance.

Homer, in his "Iliad," has given earthly immortality to Dædalus by the mere record of his name; though Pausanias asserts that his sculpture was rude and uncomely. Pierre was not fortunate enough to find a Homer, and therefore his name lives only in these humble records. This may not be thought so wonderful, when it is considered that, after all, our celebrated artist, to whom luxury paid daily homage—to whose piazza, with its colonnades and fountains, age and youth resorted, to gaze on the beautiful landscape around, with its golden clouds, its shadowy tints and far-famed aerial softness—that, after all, Pierre Veroni, who, as his name indicates, united Gallic luxury with Italian refinement, must be handed down to posterity, not as Pierre le Grand, but Pierre the Pastry-cook.

Pierre was one evening seated in his piazza, enjoying the coolness of the western breeze, when a pale, emaciated man entered, leading a boy by the hand. He approached the mighty master with a low bow, expressive of his high respect. Nothing could afford a greater contrast than the two. Pierre was magnificent in his size, and gave evidence that his inventions had benefited himself more than others. He sat in his well-cushioned *bergère*, his brocaded *robe de chambre* carelessly thrown back, his snowy vest confined by one pearl button, and his good-humored, florid face gently turned upward to enjoy the cool air.

"Most noble master Pierre," said the thin man, with a trembling voice, "I have come to solicit your favor. I have three sons who are apprenticed to different trades; but I have no way of providing for the youngest, that I lead by the hand. We are suffering

from famine. Mighty Pierre, take my poor boy into your service—listen to my petition; and the gratitude of a family will be your reward."

The gastronomic hero was propitiated by this humble address; he received it graciously, and consented to initiate the boy into the mysteries of his art.

From this time young Gelée became his pupil; but Pierre found that he had made a promise he could not perform; there was no initiating the boy. It soon became evident that the whole science of pastry, united with confectionery, revolved before him without awakening the slightest emotion; tarts and cream-cakes, so attractive to youth, even in our intellectual times, he regarded with indifference. Poor Gelée! his master was fully convinced that he was "moon-struck;" and he dated the time from an eventful evening, on which he was ordered to carry a Perigord pie to a grand entertainment; on which occasion both Gelée and the pie were missing; and, after a long search, he was found, seated on the pastry, gazing at the clouds as they passed over the moon, and watching its light reflected in the water.

All this the good-natured Pierre forgave, and worried along with him for two whole years; at the end of which time he summoned the old Gelée, and mildly told him that it was not possible for his son to learn his art; at the same time advising the father not to be discouraged, since he might answer very well for one of the "learned professions," though he had not the talents requisite for becoming a pastry-cook.

The father had no means of promoting his son to any profession, and poor little Gelée was bound out as a "hewer of wood and drawer of water" for another year. But his delicate health rendered him unfit for such hard service; and, as some of his young companions were going to Rome, he obtained his father's permission to accompany them, and once more seek employment in the gastronomic art.

The father returned him a few of the pence he had so hardly earned, gave him much advice, a fervent blessing, and he took his leave.

We pass over the weary foot-travel, weary to most people though not to him, in which his very soul seemed to have burst from bondage; and he could now gaze to his heart's content, without defrauding any task-master. He watched the vine-covered hills till they faded in the distance; for the first time he felt the value of existence, and an indistinct perception that it was happiness to be.

When he arrived at Rome he seemed like one paralyzed; instead of applying to some distinguished pastry-cook, as he was well entitled to do, having been taught by the celebrated Master Pierre Veroni, he took his seat regularly every morning on one of the fallen monuments of antiquity, and apparently forgot himself to stone. When actually oppressed by hunger, he swallowed a handful of macaroni from the nearest vender. At length his pence were all gone, and he began to awake from this dreamy state of existence. He then applied to several pastry-cooks for employment; but Gelée had never cultivated the graces—he was awkward in his manners, and could speak only his own provincial language, all unlike the sweet idiom of the Italians. History tells us that "he wandered from door to door, and no one would employ him; and, notwithstanding his practical knowledge of baking pies, he was in danger of starvation." At length he was reduced to actual famine, and the very sources of life seemed to be drying up, for want of nourishment. He seated himself on the door-steps of an obscure house, and, overcome by the sense of misery, burst into tears.

"To what purpose," exclaimed he, "was I born? The world is fair and beautiful; it is made of noble materials; what could be more lovely than my own Lorraine, when the setting sun shone on my native hills? Then came the beautiful repose of nature; then the landscape slept, and the spirit of the Creator overshadowed all; sky, water, and green fields melted into each other, and became blended together by imperceptible gradations; all seemed enveloped in the shadowy mantle of universal love. Yet I, who could gaze on these scenes with the consciousness of my own existence, I alone am an outcast! I, who feel that

I have something within me beyond all this, that I am connected, by mysterious ties, with universal being! Is it, that, when I die, I am to be dissolved into these beautiful elements, and become a part of them? No, this cannot be; for then I should lose my very consciousness, and I might as well have been created in the first place a tree or a stone. There is something in my nature yet unrevealed to me, something I have not yet attained. Perhaps it is only after death that my faculties are to unfold. Yes, it must be so; this world is not my home; I was not made for it. Father in heaven, take me to thyself!"

"Who is it that speaks so mournfully?" said a soft, silver voice, from behind a lattice near him.

He started; the language was that of his own native province. "Wait yet a little," continued the voice, "and my good uncle Agostino will come to thee."

In a few moments a venerable man stood before him. "Tell me thy distress, poor youth," said he, speaking in Gelée's native tongue.

For the first time since he had entered the immortal city, he could pour forth his sorrows and be understood. What a tide of strong emotion came rushing upon his heart as he told his simple tale!

Agostino listened with benevolent sympathy.

"Our blessed lady, the gracious mother of the afflicted," said he, "has directed thee to my door. I am in want of a domestic; thou shalt assist my niece in her household occupations, in preparing our daily meals, and at other times I will employ thee to grind my paints and clean my palette and pencils."

Most thankfully did Gelée enter upon his new office. From this time he was one of the household.

Was it the voice, the speaking glance of Agostino's niece, the gentle Calista, that first awoke the germ of genius in the mind of the youth? Was it not there from infancy, fostered by that divine love which shed such resplendent beauty among his native hills? Does not the Creator watch over the noblest part of his works, the thinking, reasoning mind? The young Gelée had been gradually conducted to this period; suffering and solitude had been agents in the mighty process; even abstinence had sharpened his spiritual perceptions, and now the spark of intellect burst into a flame. He performed cheerfully the menial labors assigned him; but sometimes, when it became his duty to clean his master's palette and brushes, he entertained that he might use them. The good Agostino smilingly assented, and furnished him with implements; he was pleased to see that his beloved art could awaken sympathy even in Claude Gelée.

Agostino Trasso had received orders from the Duke of Lorraine to furnish him with two paintings for his gallery. The artist rather affected the style of Michael Angelo; but what was grand and sublime in that mighty master, became stiff and cold in the hands of Agostino. One picture, however, was completed and sent to his patron, who returned a liberal recompense.

In the meantime the young Gelée continued secretly at work. Calista was his only confidant, and she assumed most willingly a double portion of household labors, that her companion might drink at the fountain of delight which had so lately opened to him. At length his picture was completed, and, after placing it in a favorable light, and shading it with the mantilla of Calista, who assisted in the arrangement, Agostino was invited to view it.

What was the astonishment of the artist! He almost doubted whether it was a representation on canvas, or whether nature had started forth, living and breathing. Could this be the work of his household servant, or had some mighty magician touched the canvas with his wand?

Great as was Gelée's triumph Calista's was still more exquisite; her heart swelled almost to bursting, when she perceived the effect the picture had upon her uncle; her eyes were suffused with tears, her cheeks tinged with the roseate hue of morning; a radiant smile played round her mouth; while her lips, gently parted, seemed about to pour forth the language of inspiration.

Once more Claude seized the pencil. A sketch was completed; but it never was exhibited—it became the companion of his solitary hours. It hung



opposite his couch, in the little attic; the beautiful eyes looking down upon him, the head inclining forward, supported by its swan-like neck. Morning, noon and evening, it looked upon him; the image mingled with his matin hymn and vesper song. Is it wonderful that it became the object of his worship, the Madonna of his religion?

Agostino felt the beauty of Gelée's landscape. With the permission of the youth, he sent it to the Duke of Lorraine, as the production of a self-taught artist. The astonishment of the trio was great when a recompense was returned far exceeding the amount which Agostino had received, and also orders for a second painting.

Claude was no longer to continue the household servant of Agostino. Another was procured to supply his place, and his whole time devoted to the pencil.

His master, with an honorable generosity, endeavored to teach him the rules of perspective; but he was an impatient pupil. His was a beauty which he perceived and painted intuitively.

So wholly was Claude occupied, that he seemed to live in a region of his own. His labor in completing the second landscape entirely engrossed him. Content with the secret worship of his Madonna, he scarcely appeared to note its living representative; otherwise he would have perceived that the cheek of Calista had lost its bloom—that the sparkling animation of her eye had melted into the lustrous softness of his own native sky—that the form, so round and graceful, was losing its waving outline—that the voice which fell on his ear in strains of melody when he first threw himself at the threshold, was now faint and broken, and scarcely exceeded a whisper. All this was unheeded by the artist; he was now studying to blend the bright, sunny skies of Italy, his adopted home, with the softness that first impressed his youthful imagination, and to throw that aerial veil over the whole which gives mysterious meaning to inanimate objects. Sometimes Agostino urged him to introduce groups of peasants into the front ground; but he submitted unwillingly, and they did not partake of the inspiration of his pencil. "Man," he exclaimed, "has made himself inferior to the glorious world he inhabits; his presence destroys the harmony of the scene." One figure, however, was introduced—a fair girl, with her white veil thrown back from her head, and her golden locks sporting upon her neck, as they were moved by the passing breeze. She stood on a gentle eminence, the soft effulgence of the setting sun casting a halo round her head. Agostino recognized it at once as the figure of his own niece, his "little Calista," as he invariably called her.

"It was an excellent likeness once," said he, with a deep sigh.

"Yes," said the youth, blushing; "but it wants her mind to animate the form. Still, however, it is in keeping with the picture; it has the same perfection that belongs to the inanimate creation. I have looked at it till it seemed to me to move. See," continued he, "the foot is a little advanced: does it not give an idea of her light step, which scarcely seems to bend the flowers upon which she treads? Then observe the quick and animated turn of her head: we need not look in the face to read the beauty of the soul."

"Alas!" said Agostino, "such things were; but the remembrance of them comes over me like the strains of the Æolian harp, mournful and low."

"What do you mean?" exclaimed Claude, throwing down his brush. The deepest anguish was expressed in Agostino's countenance, as he replied, "I must part from her; she is fast fleeing to the world of spirits; in a few months I shall be alone!"

"Holy Virgin!" cried the youth, "can this be true?"

"Too true," replied Agostino; "her doom is pronounced by the most experienced in the healing art. They say she can continue but a few weeks longer."

"And you have kept it secret from me?"

"You were too much engrossed by your pencil," replied Agostino, "to think of my poor girl. Ah!" continued he, with a melancholy smile, "it was once so with me. Painting is a more tyrannical mistress than Music, for she will have the whole heart; but her tuneful sister derives part of her charm from answering cadences."



NELLO CUP.

"Can it be," said Claude, "that I have been thus insensible, thus selfishly engrossed? Let me fly to her. Where may I find her?"

"She wanders among the fir trees, in the little grove behind the house."

Claude hastened to the spot; he saw her at a distance. Her veil was thrown back, her step feeble and slow—even then he thought of his art; there was something in her shadowy form so like his own ideal that he hesitated to destroy the illusion by approaching too near. It was only for a moment, and then he was by her side.

She smiled and extended her hand. "Have you come to me at last!" she exclaimed.

"Calista!" said the painter, casting himself at her feet; "yes, thou art she whom I have so long secretly worshipped."

Faint and exhausted, she sank upon the bank; the youth knelt by her side; for the first time their hearts communed. Calista learned how deeply she had been beloved—that, while she looked upon the menial of her uncle as too bright a star for her own orbit, he had not dared to lift his eyes to a being so radiant with beauty and goodness. "These are precious moments!" exclaimed the maiden; "but they are fleeting. I am called hence; I must away."

"Live for me, my own Calista!" exclaimed Claude; "thou hast been my animating genius; live to lead me to immortality, to an undying name."

"That may not be," replied the maiden; "thy own genius will obtain for thee an undying name; but a far more glorious immortality awaits thee."

Other landscapes were completed, and recompense returned far beyond expectation. Claude was now no longer unknown—he was distinguished by kings and princes; and when he was called the Italian artist his native province asserted its prior claims.

Who has ever seen an original of this artist, without feeling that he possessed a power which belongs to no other? There is a depth in his skies, which leads the mind far beyond the surface; you look through the mysterious veil, behind the golden clouds, into the very heaven of heavens.

Where was the stupid apprentice of the pastry-cook? Is it indeed true, as has been suggested, that his faculties were obtuse on every subject but those of his art? Who, that has any comprehension of what the divine art is, will believe this? The observation might apply to a mere copyist; but he to whose pencil taste and imagination bring their tributary stores—he who can give life and sentiment to canvas—can he be void of every other talent?

The image of Calista had been not only his beau ideal, but incorporated with his religious worship of the blessed Virgin. It had filled and satisfied his heart; he had never thought it possible he could awaken in her emotions corresponding to his own; she was the beloved niece of his master, and he but a menial. Now, however, the veil was removed, and he found himself the first object of her affection. Happy Claude! what hast thou more to desire? Love, fortune and genius smile upon thee; yet who so sad, so heart-broken? Happiness is not made for this world. Every day Calista grew weaker, her voice fainter and fainter; she resembled the light of his own pictures, fading insensibly away into heaven.

Italy has always been celebrated for its beautiful twilights; it was on one of those lovely evenings, tinged with glory, that Calista expressed a wish to see a landscape Claude had nearly completed. He conducted her to the room he had hired for his occupation, which was but a short distance from the dwelling. It was part of a ruin on Monte Pincio, mantled with evergreen. Through its dilapidated wall the last rays of the setting sun entered

aslant, and gave to the picture an extraordinary brilliancy; it was precisely the light which was meant to be represented. Calista gazed with enthusiasm. "My friend," said she, holding up her hand, which the bright light rendered almost transparent, "I read in thy picture thy immortality, but not the immortality for which thou art sighing; the time will come when the works of genius shall crumble, and the artist be forgotten; but the spirit which executed them will live for ever." As she spoke, her head sank upon his bosom. Several moments passed before he perceived that her breath had fled, and that he was supporting a lifeless form. "Yes," he exclaimed, "the spirit will



live for ever." Claude Gelée was born in 1600, and died in 1668. The remainder of his life was spent much in solitary devotion to his art. In this he was laborious, frequently repeating the same subject. The prediction of Calista is partly accomplished. Many of his works are decayed, a few yet remain. Agostino Trasso is only remembered as connected with his illustrious pupil, while the name of the scholar is still familiar, not as Claude Gelée, but claimed by his native province as Claude Lorraine.

#### NIELLO WARE.

VISITORS at the Centennial will not have forgotten the specimens shown them of engravings from different countries—especially of engravings on copper—but we suppose very many of them hardly thought it necessary to ask how, when, and by whom the art of copperplate engraving was invented. The fact is, that, beautiful an art as it is, it owes its origin to quite another, and what seems to be an entirely different branch of decorative art—it is known as "Niello" work. The word is Italian, and is derived from the Latin *nigellus*, a diminutive of *niger*—black. Niello work means, simply, the engraving on any metal, by means of lines cut in a design, and filling the lines with either a black or a colored pigment. The fact that black is generally used is the excuse for the name. When or by whom this manner of ornamenting metal was invented is not known. The fact, however, that some of the finest specimens known to exist were done by Byzantine artists of the twelfth century shows that the art must be a very old one, for the work then done is a sufficiently convincing proof that the artists who were engaged on it had had not only much practice, but also centuries of tradition to back them.

The finest of the works in Niello belong to the first half of the fifteenth century, and the one great master in this branch of art who is most thought of, and whose works are most sought after and most regarded, was Maso di Finiguerra, who flourished about 1440, who was also a painter of considerable merit, having been a pupil to both Ghiberti and Masaccio. He was much employed by the monks and priests to engrave designs upon the different articles needed for the altar, and was accustomed, when they were half done, to rub lampblack, or something of the kind, into the lines, and then take an impression from the engraving, so that he might see how the work was going on. This practice not only enabled him to mark the progress of the work, but also led him to the invention of engraving on copper.

Genuine specimens of Niello work are very rare and

difficult to obtain, other and more satisfactory methods of ornamenting metal having been discovered. When found they are usually of silver, and the lines of the ornamentation are filled with black. We engrave a vase in this style of ware which is considered unique. It is in the British Museum, and dates from the Byzantine era.

#### OUR DARLING.

EVERY homestead has, or ought to have, its darling—the one little babe, who is not only the beloved of its parents but of its brothers and sisters—its uncles and aunts, and all the friends of the family as well. The picture we engrave shows us a most delightful scene, where an older sister has obtained possession of baby, and is apparently as much delighted at her

with the most extraordinary success. He was, in 1791, at the request of the king, made a "supplemental associate;" and, on the death of Sir Joshua Reynolds, was appointed limner to the king. In 1798 he was elected Royal Academician; in 1815 he was knighted, and in 1826, on the death of Benjamin West, he was elected President of the Royal Academy, which post he held until his death in London, January 7, 1830. Two of his pictures were exhibited at the Centennial. The one we engrave is a good specimen of his work both as regards faults and excellences.

#### PREPARING SPRING FLOWERS.

SPRINGTIME has come, and with it comes a renewal of the love of bouquets, *boutonnieres*, baskets and vases of cut flowers, and similar devices for the display of

the floral beauties the season brings us. To be sure, the desire for these things, like the appetite for oysters, is with us all the year, but it can never be so well gratified as when the advent of warm weather opens the buds and brings out the leaves of the vegetable world. Flowers may be had, thanks to the invention of green-houses, at any time, but they always seem in winter, to recur to our former simile, very much like an oyster in July, slightly out of season. In spring, however, they are entirely appropriate, and the florists and their best customers and agents, the flower girls—for flowers are generally sold by women and girls—are sure to be busy in making up the dainty bunches which are to be presented to ladies, thrown to prima-donnas, or worn in the button-holes of gentlemen's coats.

The picture we reproduce is from a photograph by H. P. Robinson, whose collection at the



OUR DARLING.—AFTER SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE.

opportunity for kissing and playing with the family darling as the little one is at being so cuddled and caressed. The scene is a charming one, even when looked at by a stranger simply as a picture, and must have been vastly more delightful to the aristocratic parents of the two charming girls so admirably presented to us.

The original, from which the engraving is made, was painted by Sir Thomas Lawrence, the successor of Benjamin West as President of the British Royal Academy. He was born at Bristol, in 1769, and began his career by drawing portraits in crayons, at Oxford, at the early age of ten years—thus showing a precocity almost, if not quite, equal to that previously exhibited by West, his predecessor. In 1783 Lawrence set up his easel in Bath, and had a good patronage, but took to painting in oils, and at the age of eighteen settled in London, and entered as a student at the Royal Academy. Here he seems to have met

Centennial excited so much attention and comment. He is noted for the artistic manner in which he composes his subjects, and still more for the manner in which he groups his models, and the pictures—worthy of any *genre* painter—which he produces by the aid of photography. This, which is one of his best efforts, will be readily recognized by visitors to the Philadelphia Exposition.

This composing of living pictures, that is to say, the grouping together of living persons and animals, with the necessary adjuncts of furniture and other inanimate objects, so as to compose a veritable *tableau vivant* is a specialty with Mr. Robinson, and has not only brought him much business, and pecuniary profit, but has also won for him an enviable reputation as a veritable artist of great merit and no little genius. Nor is his skill and dexterity as a photographer less marked than his fine artistic sense, as has been abundantly proven in the pictures shown by him.



## A CUP OF COLD WATER.

WHAT tender and what pleasing thoughts does not a cup of cold water bring to our minds! It has been in all ages the free-will offering of friendship; the one favor which every stranger might demand as a right, and the gift which has more than once brought honor and profit to the giver. We are told in Scripture that Rebecca, by giving a drink at the well to Abraham's servant, got a rich husband and became the mother of a mighty people. Has not Sir Philip Sidney, for having, when lying mortally wounded on the field of Zutphen, directed water, which was brought him, to be given to a wounded soldier near by, with the remark, "His need is greater than mine," been held in more honor than for all his fighting, all his poems, and all his romances? Instances might be multiplied, but space forbids, and it is unnecessary, since every man has, at one time or another, felt the desire to have the power of calling blessings upon the heads of those who had given him water to drink.

Mr. Davis's picture needs no comment; it too clearly tells its own story. The well, with its long, awkward "sweep" and "old oaken bucket;" the pleasant-faced maiden poising the bucket on the brink, while watching the movements of the youngster whose cup she has just filled; the delighted countenance of the heated little one himself, and, not least, the dog slaking his thirst from the trough—all these make up a picture common enough yet always fresh and pleasing. We do not know just who the boy is, but can easily conjecture that he may be the son of some neighbor; or, perhaps, though less probably, the irrepressible brother of the maiden with the bucket—the "ne'er-do-weel" of the family. Be that as it may, he is clearly a truant, much given to roaming the fields with his equally vagabond quadrupedal companion; not at all in love with school, and chiefly learned in such matters as wood-chuck holes, birds' nests, the haunts of humble-bees, the deep holes in the brooks where the trout gather in the hot days, and similar folk-lore.

## REST.

THERE is a little settlement in New Jersey, back of Montclair, rather difficult to get at, but worth labor to reach—I found it, close toward twilight, about four years ago. My wife and child sorely needed fresh air and rest. "Country board" was to be found in hundreds of places by consulting the advertisements of the *Herald*; but with a half-selfish feeling, perhaps, I thought I would look out "fresh fields and pastures new"—and tramp the country in a manner

not stereotyped—under the heat of a June sun. I hunted the slopes of the mountains until the gold clouds found me, somewhat footsore and weary, at the opening of a pleasant road, unromantically called Gould's Lane. At the corner, bounded by the little druggery, the blacksmith's shop and the general grocery, I made enquiries which finally informed me that they "kind o' guessed Mr. V—— might take city folks as boarders." I should have said Mrs. V——, as she manages the household. In the deepening twilight I walked along a country road for more than a mile, past groves of oak and walnut, undulating fields

ascended behind and sloped in front. Across the road was the large barn and outhouses, and henneries and styes, not yet depleted by winter's consumption. The descent back of the barn was at one time gentle, at another declivitous, until the bed of one of the prettiest streams in the world was reached—a pretty little brooklet, around which were small fringes of greenest grass and moss, overhanging walnut trees with generous shade, myriads of butter-cups and daisies; little tomtits and louder-voiced robins skipped here and there; and in the winding portions of the brook, where the waters lay still, once and again the frog

gulped out his sonorous note. We made a ford with small stones, and dry shod crossed the stream. Our child plucked violets and dandelions, and making them into tasteful bunches, scattered them over us, and, in buoyant, blythesome spirit, hunted ferns and lilies-of-the-valley on the opposite slope. Three walnut trees, close together, on the margin of the stream, with healthy leaves and far-reaching branches, protected us from the summer's sun.

The brook, in some parts almost stopped in its course by luxuriant beds of cool watercresses, threw a glorious green and appetizing feature into our view, as we rested peacefully and took in sweet draughts of wholesome air in that pleasant dell, yet eight hundred feet above the sea. When we mounted the hill, back of our summer home, we could, half way up its height, see New York, looking cloudy and dusty, and hot and dirty—while the simple view before and around us made us draw a long breath of relief—oaks, and walnuts, and pines, and spruces, birch, and maple, and heather, were so strange. The thought of the dry, arid front stoop, and the area of our town home reached our memory in strong contrast.

The smallest piece of broken bark, the mossy fringes of the drying pines, the twig lichens, which nestled about the decaying trunks and branches of the trees were revelations. As we rested, the rustling of the beetles'

and rich pastures. I reached the house indicated, was successful in my application, and in two or three days myself and family were safely and comfortably quartered. An old farmhouse, straggling in every direction, having been added to, piecemeal, as convenience and a growing family necessitated—invidious of architecture, form or model—was to be our summer home. The rooms were clean and airy, and the breezes creeping through the vale fanned us at evening to pleasant rest. Complete shade environed us, save the few glimmerings of sunlight which searched their way through the rich foliage of the trees.

The well and the "old oaken bucket" gave sweet draughts of water. The meat from the weekly butcher was kept fresh and sweet in its cool depths. The hill

wings, the singing of the locusts and the hum of the bees soothed to quiet. We had no care—no thought or anxiety to oppress. Lying lazily, looking up to the shimmering air, gluttonous of rest, we would wait the whole summer's afternoon until the soft distant sound of the horn summoned us to one of the most serious tasks of the day—the enjoyment of our evening meal, bucolic and agrarian. —D. De Witt.

## JEAN BAPTISTE MADOU.

THE world of art has lately sustained a great loss in the death of the painter Madou. The career of Jean Baptiste Madou was long and brilliant; he died, as it were, upon the field of battle. He, the water colorist



A CUP OF COLD WATER.—JOHN S. DAVIS.





A COLD DAY.—J. R. ASHTON.

*par excellence*, fell, struck by a congestion, during the inauguration of the Water Colorists' Exposition at Brussels, in presence of the King and Queen of Belgium; for to the royal family of Belgium Madou was

a familiar friend. He had been professor of drawing to the three children of Leopold I.—the present King; the Count of Flanders, and the unhappy Princess Charlotte, of Mexican celebrity. Born in Brussels, in 1796, Madou was the pupil of Célestin François; but, at the commencement of his career, instead of pursuing like his master the painting of *genre* subjects, he became an illustrator for the large





INSIDE AND OUTSIDE. — J. R. ASHTON.

publications with engravings, since become exceedingly rare. These designs, which date from 1820, are still much sought for. In the sales of books, the editions of the "Voyage Pittoresque dans les Pays-

Bas," of the "Physionomie de la Société en Europe de Louis XI. à nos jours," among others, are the works illustrated by Madou which command extravagant prices. But a day came when he felt that drawing without color could no longer suffice to give life to his compositions, as original as they were interesting. It is now thirty years from the day when he determined to change his manner; from that day he



was the undoubted sovereign of his specialty notwithstanding he remained unknown to Paris until the Exposition of 1855. He sent two capital works, the "Trouble Fête" and "La Fête au Château." The Jury upon Recompenses awarded him a medal, to which the government added the cross of "Chevalier de la Légion d'Honneur."

In Belgium he was Member of the Academy, Professor of the "Beaux Arts" School, and Commander of the Order of Leopold. His funeral was really princely. The Prime Minister, Chancellor, and Minister of State attended; the king was represented by his officer of household, and by the Grand Marshal of the Palace. Upon his coffin, by the side of the numerous emblems of the different orders to which he belonged, were placed the two palettes which he used habitually—one for water colors, the other for his works in oil.

Behind the funeral car walked a young girl, dressed in deep mourning, carrying a large crown of violets, with this inscription, "To its Illustrious President—the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colors."

At the tomb, after the several eulogies, the Burgomaster of Saint-Josse-ten-Noode informed the assembly that the place where the celebrated artist died would henceforth bear his name.

The *atelier* of Madou is, in itself, a museum that the best Belgic artists have illustrated by their works. Upon an easel is an unfinished picture, representing a young girl knitting under the gaze of a handsome young man who seems to tell her a flowery history. Madou had interrupted his work to attend the inauguration of the exhibition when death waited on him. All the rooms of his house are adorned, the panels of the furniture, with large pictures representing scenes from La Fontaine's fables. Like Ergres, Madou made less of his talent as painter than of that which he believed himself to possess as a musician. When he was alone, his great joy was to play upon a violin in his *atelier*; only, as he attached a greater value to his bow than to his pencil, he hid his musical recreations with jealous care. Very few of his friends, even the most intimate, could boast of having heard him play; and truth obliges them to say that this great painter was, as a musician, absolutely deplorable. His doctors state a curious fact, upon a detail of his physical organization; his eyes were formed in such a manner that he saw everything much larger than nature—as, it is said, is the eye of the horse.

The death of Madou is, for the Belgic school, an irreparable loss. No one among the pupils that he has formed, nor among the many pupils whom he took pleasure in instructing and encouraging by his counsels, is capable of filling the great gap made by his sudden death.

—John Steeple.

#### THE SALON OF 1877.

THE number of works submitted to the jury was 7,923. The labor of examining these works is over; and, in spite of the number, relatively considerable, of the refused, there are one hundred and thirty admissions more for the painting than last year; four hundred more for the designs and water colors; one hundred and six more for engravings; there are 980 statues, busts and statuettes.

The jury hold their deliberations upon the works in an immense hall, or rather room, being nearly square; in the centre is an immense easel capable of holding five large pictures and about a dozen smaller ones. The members of the jury express their opinions by saying *one* when the work is judged altogether superior; and *two* when it is only very good.

Out of the 7,923 works presented, 49 were judged *one*, and 160 judged *two*. The year is considered good, as quite recently there were only 11 judged *one*. As for the remaining works they are marked *révision*; that is to say, that the opinions upon their merits are divided; and after the first examination they are to undergo another. Altogether the number of paintings admitted this year is 2,110.

It requires more than twenty days to hang these pic-

tures. Among the refused are many canvases unworthy of the name of works of art; and there are many painters, some of great merit, who devote their time entirely to the production of works that cannot be styled anything else than vulgar. We will mention two of the refused subjects, to give an idea of the kind. These two are well painted, and one is by an artist who manages to make a noise each year by having his works refused; we speak of Manet, who, one would judge, from his refined features, a poet-artist, but whose works are always coarse and vulgar; this year he sends a work entitled "Nana." In the middle of a very strange interior, standing before a glass, dressed only in a chemise and a pair of very necessary but unmentionable garments, stands Mlle. Nana, powdering her face with *poudre de riz*, while seated upon a sofa, his chin upon a cane or walking stick, a young man visitor attends her toilet. The other picture, by the side of which the picture of Manet is a gem of morality, is entitled "Health by Gymnastics," and shows a woman entirely nude, making a wheel of herself by bending backward until her hands clasp her feet. We are happy to say that the jury remorselessly expunge all such attempts. Nothing is more beautiful than the nude, and it is certainly the test of ability in drawing and painting; the nude is the most beautiful medium for the expression of poetic thought, chaste action and sublimity; but when these qualities are carefully wanting, nothing can be further from the purposes of art.

Aimé Millet, the celebrated sculptor of the groups "Vereingétorix" and the "Apollo," which crowns the dome of the Grand Opera House, and many other remarkable works, exhibits this year, at the Salon, "Cassandra Seeking Refuge at the Altar of Pallas." The prophetess, flying before the Greeks entering triumphant into Troy, is cut from a block of marble three yards high. She raises a supplicating hand to Minerva, and her right arm entwines the column which supports the goddess. The bust, thrown backward, presents the rarest perfection of lines. He has worked one year upon the subject, which is compared to his "Ariadne," of the Luxembourg. The block of marble weighed 14,000 pounds before cutting, and still weighs more than 6,000 pounds.

—J. S. D.

#### ART CRITICISM.

ART is a subject so deep and difficult, so infinitely subtle and complex, that it is only after the study of years that men even begin to comprehend it. But painting has also another characteristic peculiar to itself, and which places its teachers and practitioners in a position of singular delicacy. Other profound studies, as for instance chemistry or mathematics, are seen to be difficult by everyone, and persons who have not studied them never labor under the illusion that they know all about them. But painting seems so simple, the object which it proposes to itself is apparently so obvious, that everyone secretly believes himself competent to judge of it. The really informed teacher has therefore first to persuade his less-informed readers that painting is not a simple matter, but a very deep and subtle compound of several sciences with poetry; next, that they are themselves as yet more or less ignorant of painting; and thirdly, that he, the critic, knows enough of the subject to be a trustworthy teacher and guide. Now, even if the critic can persuade his audience that art is difficult of comprehension, he is accused of contempt for the public as soon as he implies his opinion that the public is generally ignorant of painting. This is so far from being a just accusation, that some of the men whose genius we most revere, as for instance Byron, and Scott, and Wellington, knew nothing whatever of painting. Grown-up people, however, seldom like to be told that they are ignorant of anything; and, indeed, it is superfluous rudeness to tell people of their ignorance when they are already quite aware of it. Men devoted to pure science, as for instance mathematicians, are spared this unpleasant necessity, because no one who has never learned mathematics ever dreams of setting himself up as a judge of merit

in mathematicians. But when people are ignorant of art, they are so usually to that degree that they are not even aware of their own ignorance. The most politic critic is, therefore, continually driven into the dilemma, either to hold his peace, and so let error go uncontradicted, or else convince his pupil, by offensive demonstration, that he does not yet understand the subject. And when we consider that the writer on art addresses himself neither to the obedience of infancy nor the humility of the poor, but to men and women of mature age, already highly refined, often deeply and variously learned in other matters, generally belonging to the upper ranks of life, often very rich, and therefore likely to be very proud, highly susceptible, impatient of instruction, almost incapable of imagining that they have anything yet to learn—the practical difficulty of such teaching is clear. And even if, after making hosts of enemies by his frankness, an art teacher should at last succeed in persuading his readers that they can not know what they have never learned, the difficulty of proving his own competence yet remains. In art criticism the most instructed teacher is continually liable to err. Painting includes positive science, but it also includes much more. Of its noblest powers the feeling of some finely-organized human being is the only criterion; of Turner's dream-power, or Raphael's refinement, the soul is the only judge. And here is a question of deep and inborn affinity: we are not organized alike, and genius affects us variously. My impressions will seem wrong to you if I state them quite honestly, and so would yours to me. A critic, therefore, who ever quits the plain ground of easily ascertainable fact to attempt the higher criticism of feeling, is sure to awaken dissent. Rude and simple persons express this dissent with vehemence, and become personally hostile; intellectual men mark with curious interest the point of divergence, and calmly try to account for it. But both henceforth regard the critic as a fallible person, whose teaching is to be either rejected altogether or received with thoughtful caution.

It may be asked when this educating function of the art-critic is to cease. It is like asking when schoolmasters are to cease. Every day thousands of new human beings come into the world whose future social position will require them to pretend to appreciate pictures. Is this pretension to be a hollow make-belief, degrading to manliness, destructive to honesty, and thus vitally injurious to character? or is it to be the simple assertion of a well-founded right to a real opinion? If the latter, the theoretical art-teacher—the critic, as he is yet called—has endless work before him. By means of books and articles in the reviews and newspapers, and, I think, still more by direct personal communication in the form of lectures, he will have to train the public in those eternal truths which are the beginning of criticism. He and his successors will have to repeat them over and over again so long as civilization shall endure.

Every original painter, especially in landscape, has to pass through a period of contempt which it is in the power of any intelligent critic to shorten by demonstrating his fidelity to nature. This ought not to be an exceptional act of kindness on the critic's part; it is a simple duty which he is bound to perform whenever he sees the need of it. The most acute sufferings of men of genius are inflicted by the instinctive tendency of mankind to consider all originality a fair butt for ridicule. But little men are weak against a strong will, and one resolute voice will silence the silly laughter of whole multitudes.

A peculiar form of this duty is the defence of young artists whose powers are as yet imperfectly developed. It is certain that a young painter who sees and feels very intensely will try for too much and spoil his pictures. The sort of injury to young men's work which comes of their good qualities ought, therefore, to be spoken of with the utmost indulgence, and even defended, by the art-critic. Of course he must state the defects frankly, but at the same time he is bound to enforce the truth, too often forgotten, that certain rare and noble qualities, like swans, are repulsive at first, and only become beautiful as they approach maturity.

—Philip Gilbert Hamerton.